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time, having been in the U. S. service just 18 months to-day. During this period it has, I think, seen as much hard work as any regiment in the field, and never, when bravery could be of any avail, has it retreated before the enemy. It now stands with less than half its original strength, but with an untarnished reputation, an unstained flag.— Entering Virginia with an aggregate of 963, we now number 470, and of these less than 300 are present within the regiment. And where are the 493 who were with us 18 months since. Something like one hundred are enduring that which is worse than death, in Richmond prisons. The balance have been killed in action, or died of wounds received there, died of disease caused by the hardships and exposures of camp, been discharged for disability, transferred to the Invalid Corps, or lastly, dishonorably *deserted*. *Deserted*. What eternal infamy is attached to that single word. And still it is too

true; there are those, (but thank Heaven they are few) who have been guilty of this greatest of all crimes in the eyes of the true soldier. There is some prospect of our being filled up this spring, but we are not yet sure. Hoping this may happen, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

L. D. WARNER.

Letter from Major L. D. Warner.

CAMP 154th REGIMENT,
Near Catlett Station, Aug. 14, 1863.

FRIEND GANO:—After a season of the hottest weather I ever experienced, it has cooled a little, so much so that it can be called endurable, and under its cooling influence I venture upon the task of chronicling the few events that have come under my limited observation since the date of my last letter.— Speaking of the weather, since the first of the month until to-day, the heat has been excessive, and it is well for our men that we have been exposed but little, (we having been most of the time in camp,) for no set of men could endure marching with a soldier's load, under the midday sun of the past two weeks. In camp we have managed to survive, by selecting the shadiest side, and exercising as little as was consistent with proper digestion of our hard bread and coffee, (by the way we are now on a probation of soft bread, which I hope will continue until our teeth

have time to grow.) What we miss more than any other one thing, is the luxury of cold, pure water, such as was our wont to enjoy among the hills of Cattaraugus. The water here is not only scarce, but of a very poor quality for drinking, especially with the entire absence of ice, a luxury of which one must be deprived and pass the hot season on the high and dry plains around Warrenton Junction, in order to appreciate. We are now encamped near Catlett Station, about three miles north of Warrenton Junction. Our business at present seems to be guarding the railroad, to prevent Mosby or White's cavalry cutting off our supply of Commissary stores, which might prove quite an inconvenience to our army. The doings of those mysterious freebooters, who whenever there is a chance for plunder, seem to spring into existence in a moment, and to disappear as suddenly, and of whom it may truly be said, we know not from whence they came or whence they go, constitutes about the only food for excitement or sensation at this time, and even this has hardly been able to withstand the heat of the past few days. In connection with the weather, Gen. Meade's late order respecting depredations along the line of the railroad, may have had the effect of cooling the ardour of these scions of Southern chivalry, who seem to take to the road as naturally and with as much address as the renowned and in comparison gentlemanly Dick Turpin or any of his associates. It is sincerely to be hoped that if these measures fail to put a stop to this species of land piracy, that the next order will be to rid the whole country between the Blue Ridge on the South, and the Potomac on the North, of every person, male or female, claiming citizenship therein. It is about time that the force of protecting the persons and property of these traitors, furnishing safeguards to protect their houses from visits by our men, visiting the soldiers who perchance takes a ank, half-starved chicken, and wrings its neck to save its life, with severe punishment, while perchance the owner of said chicken is at the same moment engaged in the loyal and laudable enterprise of setting fire to some railroad bridge, tearing up or putting obstructions upon the track, firing into some passing train, or in the more profitable

one of making a dash upon the train of some Sutler possessed of daring enough to incur the risk of capture, confiscation and captivity, in view of the profits arising from a successful trip out to the front, should cease. It has already had a run of two years, and it is time a new policy was originated. I trust that one is already in rehearsal which shall entirely change the aspect of affairs in this quarter. At present our cavalry, which arm of the service has secured for itself a well earned and deserved reputation for efficiency in the field and against the regularly organized forces of the enemy, seem to be completely at fault in managing these gentry, who are much like the Frenchman's flea, when you put your finger on him he ain't there. Like our city police, they generally arrive at the scene of the affray just after the assailants have left for parts unknown. Of course they at once start in pursuit, but these light-fingered and quick fisted gentlemen have a very mysterious way of making themselves invisible to Yankee eyes. Ten to one, at the first house at which the pursuers halt to enquire whether the rebels have passed that way, they will be met at the door, by the loyal proprietor, who has but just had time to wipe the sweat from

his brow and change the habiliments of a Rebel officer or private for those of a peaceful, quiet citizen, and who, after directing them as to the probable whereabouts of the base marauders, will bid them good morning with the heartily expressed (and of course heart felt) wish that Mosby and his whole gang of thieves may speedily be caught and brought up with a round turn at the end of a rope.

But I must leave Mosby and his victims, the Sutlers, for the present. By the way, our regimental sutlers, Bavy and Lieut. Col. Loomis, made us the first visit of the season, a few days since, and after disposing of their load of tobacco, ginger bread, cheese, ready made clothing and other fancy articles too numerous to mention, left yesterday on their return to the city, from whence, (unless in the mean time they should make a side trip to Richmond on other account than their own,) we may expect them to return the fore part of next week, with another supply of such articles as soldiers most delight to purchase.

By the way what has become of those recruits we have been looking for so long and so anxiously. Tell C. S. C. to hurry up and get that wheel under motion, for we want the men here, and now is an excellent time to learn the mysteries of shoulder arms, eyes right, front, while we are lying idle and wait for cooler days before we advance South and finish up this little job yet on hand. So come on boys, there is room and to spare, your neighbors here who have borne the brunt of the campaign at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, on our long and fatiguing marches through heat and rain, mud and dust, and in Richmond prisons, are looking anxiously to you for help to finish what has been so well and so bravely commenced. Surely you will not, by withholding your aid at this critical moment, allow our country to lose the benefit of what has already been done. The rebellion is evidently tottering to its very foundation, and it now needs only one vigorous move on our part to complete the demolition of the fabric. Can it be that under these circumstances you can refuse to lend the helping hand, is the earnest appeal of fathers, sons and brothers to you, to be made in vain? I tell you that the cheer which will go up from the thousands whose eyes are turned to their native hills for the first distant glimpse of your coming, when they see your manly steps and hear the sound of your voices, "Be of good cheer, we are coming to your aid." I repeat it, that shout of gladness will send terror to our already trembling foes, and as they hear the sound echoing among the hills of the Rappahannock, and dying away and again caught up and re-echoed from the deep recesses of the Alleghanies, they will be seized with sudden terror, and will cry to one another, "Let us flee, for the Lord is against us and on the side of our foes." I repeat it men of the North, now is the time to strike with strong arm and steady nerve for liberty and our country. Be true to yourselves and the country is safe. Be false, and it may be yours, while gazing in shame and remorse upon the ruins of our once blessed and happy land, to listen to the voice of conscience, "This is your work, you might have prevented it but you would not, behold the desolation you have caused." I am sure you will be saved

from such a retrospect, you will cheerfully respond to this your kindred's and your country's call for aid. And our beloved land will rise from this fearful struggle, and like gold from the refined fire, will come out purer and more perfect than before, and while we acknowledge the power that directed the blow, we shall bless the rod that chastised us for our own good, for whomsoever he loveth he chastiseth.

We have as yet heard nothing from our men who were taken at Gettysburg, neither have our Chancellorsville prisoners been exchanged. We are in hopes that a few days will find the 154th once more a regiment respectable in point of numbers. It would indeed be gratifying to those who have been with the regiment from the first, to see her ranks once more full of brave and hardy sons of Cattaraugus, ready, if needs be, to again do battle for our Country and Constitution. And if those at home are not recreant to duty, we shall be gratified in this respect.

L. D. WARNER.

Letter from Major L. D. Warner.

CAMP 154th Regt., Manassas Junction, Aug. 19.

EDITOR TIMES:— You see by the heading to this that we have again changed our base of operations and contracted our lines closer around Washington.— From the date of my last letter we remained in our shady retreat near Cattlett Station, without any particular variation in our daily routine of camp and guard duties, until the 15th, when we received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, with three days rations in haversacks. Well, we remained under these marching orders until the afternoon of the 17th, when we, at fifteen minutes notice, started for this place. Perhaps you are not aware of the pleasant state of uncertainty attending these marching orders, which, by the way, differ very materially from orders to march. For instance, we sometimes get orders to be ready to march on short notice, sometimes one hour, and sometimes (as the last,) at a moment's notice. We may remain under these orders for one day or one week, and during its operation it is perilous to leave camp at any time, or for any purpose. You are liable at any moment to be ordered to tear down and pack up in the very shortest

possible time, and if you are one minute behind; there are cross looks and perhaps a reprimand for tardiness. This makes it extremely pleasant for a Regimental commander, who is of course held responsible for all short comings in his command. On our last move for instance. The third day since we had been under these special orders, had nearly closed; in the opinion of the Brigade officers, there was no signs of a move, in fact every thing looked so quiet and so much like a stay, that I had caused on that day a large amount of policeing to be done in and about camp; about 3 P. M., I received orders to detail an officer for picket that night.— The earth seemed to revolve as usual, and we were congratulating ourselves upon the moral certainty that a shady camp and soft bread had become permanent fixtures, for since the order came, three days had elapsed, and all things remained as they were. The Sun had descended low in the Western horizon, the men were lazily preparing their evening meals, my servant, or I might better say, man of all works, had just gone to water my horse and would be absent at least $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, the office clerk had gone on a like errand, when up came an Orderly all in a sweat, with a circular to the following import: The Regiments of this Brigade will march immediately towards Manassas Junction. Well after giving the order to the Company Commanders, and hearing from the men who were just getting ready to eat their suppers, a little grumbling, a very little swearing and a large amount of joking, particularly with regard to the extra amount of work bestowed upon the camp that day, I turned to my own affairs. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. My boy was gone with my horse, and my clerk was gone. The desk and other office furniture was to be packed and got ready for transportation. My own personal luggage, which I do not profess to keep very snug, was lying around loose, and must also be packed, and my wall-tent must be taken down and rolled up, and I had 15 minutes to do it in, and nobody but the Acting Adjutant to help me, and the boys of the regiment had all they could attend to of their own affairs. Besides, I had the prospect of going without my supper, not particularly pleasant, especially with a night's march of twelve miles in prospect. But

I had worked at this business before, and had my department in order on time, and my horse came back just in time, and every thing was right, except that neither the horse or myself had our supper. It was sunset when we got fairly under way, the night was pleasant, being clear, and the men stood the march much better than they would have done under a midday sun. Our orders were to march to Manassas that night, and we should probably have done so, but on arriving at Bristol Station, where the railroad crosses Broad Run by a trestle work bridge about forty feet high, on which (in the absence of any other bridge,) the Infantry were obliged to cross, stepping from one tie to the next, the 27th Pa. Volunteers, who led the Brigade, refused to cross in the darkness, probably having no taste for a leap in the dark, and trying the realities of the rocky landing below. Well there was no alternative but to halt the Brigade and wait for daylight to make the path of duty more

plain. So we rolled ourselves in our blankets and slept soundly until the unwelcome reveille roused us to the realization of the fact that our journey was not yet ended, our work not done. We were soon under motion, crossed the creek without accident, and about 8 A. M., found ourselves upon the classic ground, the famed plains of Manassas, where report, two years since, said that fearful and deadly mines were in readiness to launch into eternity the invading Yankee hordes, if perchance they should succeed in forcing their way thus far into the heart of the old Dominion. Luckily, *probably*, for the Yankees, and *certainly*, for the veracity of those who originated the report, our army stopped short of this place, and the Rebels withdrew the powder from the mines, and reserved it for its more legitimate use of hurling at Lincoln's hirelings the musket ball or shell, and with defiant yell, sending their foes pell mell to heaven or else to the north of Mason and Dixon's line. The country around the Junction seems to have been well selected as a place of defence, although there are no high hills in the vicinity. The whole country as far as the eye can reach is a high rolling table land, well adapted to the maneuvering of infantry, artillery or cavalry.— Standing upon the remains of one of the many fortifications near the Sta-

tion, the eye takes in the whole country between the heights of Centreville on the North, and the Bull Run Mountains on the South and West. As you gaze upon the works of military defense and offensive (or rather upon these ruins,) which surround you on all sides, and then cast your eyes over the region around Bull Run, whose soil has been twice enriched with the blood of patriots and heroes, you feel that you are on sacred ground, and the mind and thoughts involuntarily carry you back to the 21st of July, 1861, and you witness in imagination the first great struggle of this bloody war. You behold the concussion of two great armies meeting in deadly strife, with a shock that causes the earth to tremble beneath your feet. You hear the ceaseless roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the yells and shouts of defiance, the cheers of momentary success and advantage gained, one moment to be lost the next. The groans of the wounded and dying, you see the death grapple of the hand to hand conflict for the possession of some battery, you feel the ground tremble beneath the cavalry charge, you behold the swaying to and fro of the masses, the advance and retreat as victory seems to rest first on one banner and then on the other, and finally as the Stars and Stripes seem to rise in triumph over the field, and you hear in the distance the exultant shout of McDowell's men, and distinguish the words, "they fly, the day is won." There comes from the West another sound, the shrill scream of the locomotive, you look and behold the gray uniforms and glistening bayonets of Johnston's men, and as the panting steed comes to a halt, you see the thousands of fresh troops spring from the long trains, and quickly forming in line of battle, advance at a double quick upon the Federal troops who, worn out and exhausted with twelve hours marching and fighting beneath a July sun, are illy prepared to meet the furious onset of these troops, now advancing so unexpectedly upon their thinned and exhausted ranks. And as the sound of the conflict becomes fainter in the distance, and you are aware that the little band of federalists have give way a routed, disorganized mass, your mind turns to Patterson, who was to have prevented Johnston's uniting with Beauregard, but who, like Napoleon's Gron-

chy, failed at the critical moment, and to the question, "Who is responsible for this day's disaster and disgrace to the Union arms?" the answer comes, "Thou art the man."

How long we shall stay here I have no means of guessing. We may march to-morrow, and we may stay for weeks. As to the whereabouts of our army, I know nothing outside of my own Division. The first brigade is here, the 2d at Bristol, further the deponent knoweth not. By the way I presume you in Cattaraugus are in a fever of excitement about these days, as I learn that this is the eventful week. Well I care little who draws the prizes, if they are only forth coming at the appointed time, so hurry up, for Uncle Sam is in want of men more than of money. But I have spun this out about sufficient, and will stop, and as I go out on picket in the morning, and may fail to report at

the appointed time at headquarters, I will bid you good bye before I go.

L. D. WARNER.

P. S. Corporal Bouton was said to have been killed on the 1st day of July, at Gettysburg, and as he has not been heard from among the prisoners, I think there is no doubt of his death. Lewis Bishop, Color Sergeant, who at Chancellorsville won general commendation for his courage and coolness, and who was wounded in both legs at Gettysburg while endeavoring to save the colors, has since died of the injuries there received.

L. D. W.

Letter from Major L. D. Warner.

HEADQUARTERS 154TH REGIMENT, }
BRIDGEPORT, Ala., Oct. 23, 1863.

FRIEND FAY:—After a week of such rain as only Dixie can manufacture, it seems to have set in for a wet spell.—To say that the roads are horrible, or abominable, is giving a wild description indeed. A new set of adjectives must be invented before one can hope to convey in words anything like a correct idea of the real condition of affairs here, as regards the condition of those roads which are used in hauling stores to the Army in this region. But it is getting no better fast. Indeed, I have fears that if this weather continues much longer, our friends up at Chattanooga will have to contend with a worse and more deadly foe than Gen. BRAGG has yet proved himself to be, for it will be some days yet before railroad com-

munication can be opened above this point, as the bridge here is yet some ways from completion. A small steamer, intended to tow Barges, is, however, about ready to get up steam at this place, and as the rains are swelling the river, it is probable that supplies will be taken up by water in a very few days. I have full faith in Gen. GRANT that our brave boys will not be obliged to give up the advantages of their present position on account of the failure of hard bread and coffee. Still I think it is the cause of some anxiety at headquarters, for a soldier must eat if he would fight, and no matter how brave our army may be, and with how much skill they may be managed, they must finally yield to the persistent attacks of Gen. Starvation. It is a true saying that a soldier had better be without cartridges than without rations. There is a large force at work making Corduroy road over the worst places between here and our main army, but with the present weather and the immense amount of travel, it is next to impossible to get the road into anything like a passable condition. The eleventh Corps, which you are aware has won no very enviable reputation of late with the musket, would seem to be destined to seek its laurels beneath the Earth's surface, with such implements as the shovel and pick. Rather a humble instrument to be associated with the Crescent, which is looked for in a more elevated sphere.

Well, the Corps which could steal mit BREXER, fight mit SIEGEL, and run mit HOWARD, can dig, as the Dutchman says, "die ter tyvel," and if this sort of warfare is considered less honorable, and if the laurels won are less green and less enduring than those won by our brothers at Chattanooga, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are laboring in the same great cause, and that our work is fully important as theirs, for if we did not help to feed them, all their bravery would come to nought, and that right speedily. And here let me say that our position is not without its perils, for there are bushwhackers here who are quite as well skilled in their profession as their brethren and co-workers in the Old Dominion. And let me say one word in regard to my own regiment. As it had the credit of acquitting itself well at

Chancellorsville as well as at Gettysburg, with the musket, so here in Alabama with the axe, it stands A No. 1. In fact there is not another regiment in the Corps that stands as high as axemen, and we are generally detailed to use that instrument exclusively, while other regiments use the shovel and pick. This suits the boys, and they are emulous to retain the good opinion of those at headquarters. They are now specially detailed getting out railroad ties, building bridges, &c.

Our baggage has not yet arrived, although we have been here three weeks. It came by rail to Nashville but a few days behind us. From there the capacity of the road has been taxed to its utmost in forwarding to this point the necessary supplies for the army, and as the transportation teams and wagons for the fitting out of the Corps were brought from there over land, the regimental baggage was loaded upon the wagons to be hauled through. The distance by road is about 150 miles, and such is the condition of the roads that although already out 14 days, they will not be in under 2 or 3 days yet. As consequence of our traps being so far behind, we have suffered a great inconvenience for the want of tents, blankets, &c., to say nothing of clean underclothes. As for myself I was fortunate enough to borrow a shirt to wear while the one I wore from Alexandria was being washed and dried. It will be quite an important day (with our officers,) that heralds the arrival of our train, provided our luggage is not ruined (of which there is a good chance) in the transit. Our saddle horses came in three days since, but in a sorry plight. Crowded, bruised, and starved upon the cars for one week, and then ten days through Tennessee storms and mud, they were hardly recognizable as the same animals, which nearly four weeks since we left at Alexandria. Indeed, two of those belonging to our brigade, one the property of Surgeon DAY of the 154th, the other of Lieut. Col. JACKSON, 134th N. Y. V., have already received their discharge from the service since their arrival, and more are in a fair way to follow.

Col. JONES has not yet joined the regiment, but I think he will be here soon. He is yet retained at Annapolis, although I understand he is exchanged. We shall all rejoice to greet him once more.

Your humble servant will be well pleased to hand over the sceptre and subside.

The worst feature in our change of locality is that we get no mails here as yet with any degree of certainty or regularity. I have received neither paper or letter from home since my arrival here, and am as ignorant of what has transpired there within the last four weeks, as any native of the South Sea Islands. The TIMES, that pleasant weekly visitant which made its appearance regularly in camp on the other side of the Alleghanies, has as yet failed to make its appearance here. I hope this state of things may not long continue, for give the soldier every other comfort compatible with his calling, and he is restless, discontented and uneasy, if deprived of his letters and papers from home. Give him these and he is cheerful even with half rations and constant fatigue duty. The first question on coming into camp at night is, "Has there any mail arrived to-day?" and when they receive a negative reply, their spirits fall beyond even the powers of bad Commissary, which fails to bring them up to the point of cheerful content. Respectfully yours,

L. D. WARNER.

Letter from Major L. D. Warner.

LOOKOUT VALLEY, Nov. 5th, 1863.

FRIEND FAY:—As you have doubtless, ere this, heard the Crescent has been once more upon the move, and now rests beneath the shadow of Lookout Mountain, whose hoary head, bristling with Rebel cannon, seems to look down in astonishment upon us puny creatures who have thus impudently dared to take up our abode under his very feet. But to my journal.

Oct. 27th—We broke camp at Bridgeport, and crossing the river, advanced along the railroad in this direction, the 1st Brigade taking the lead. The day was fine, and the roads not having been used during the late rains, were in good condition. Our first halt was at Shell Mound Station, about eight miles from Bridgeport. Near here is the entrance to one of the largest of the saltpetre caves to be found in the country, it having been explored some nine or ten miles from its mouth. A stream of pure water, sufficient to furnish the motive powers to quite an extensive grist

mill, and which is said to be navigable for light skiffs some 4 miles, issues from the mouth of the cave. The earth in the bottom of the cave is strongly impregnated with saltpetre, which is obtained by leaching the earth and boiling the ley. The numerous leaches and remains of arches for boiling, show that the manufacture of this important ingredient in the manufacture of gunpowder, has been extensively carried on of late. For the present, however, the manufacture is seriously interrupted.— After giving the boys a chance to take a peep into a real live cave and pick up a few shells to send home as relics, we continued our course. The country, which from Bridgeport here was comparatively level and productive, now became more rough and sterile, and the roads much worse. About two miles from Shell Mound, the road enters a narrow pass between the river and mountain, where, for more than two miles the cliffs towered to a height that caused a dizziness on looking up, and in many places overhung the road. At a height of about fifty feet above the road, the railroad winds along the side of the hill, the space for the track being most of the way obtained by blasting and throwing out the solid rock. The scenery was impressive, and the most boisterous were awed into silence. Think's I, what a spot this to cut off and destroy a train of wagons. Let them once get into this defile, then close up the two ends, and there is no escape for man or beast, unless by swimming the river, a feat which nothing less than the fear of a rebel bullet would cause me to attempt. At the termination of this defile, the road leaves the river, and ascending the valley of what is called Falling Water creek to its head, passes through a gap in the mountain and descends the Lookout creek valley, which opens upon the river about three miles below Chattanooga. I think no railroad was ever engineered through a rougher region than this. The road winds around the sides of the mountains in many places, hundreds of feet above the narrow valley, or rather gorge, into which the train would plunge were it thrown from the track. About fourteen miles from Chattanooga the railroad crosses the creek, the Bridge over which has been burned by the rebels, who, not satisfied with reducing to

ashes all that was consumable, attempted to blow up the fine stone piers on which the bridge rested, some of which cannot be less than 150 feet in height. I think Uncle Sam will hardly incur the expense of re-building this costly structure, at least not while supplies can be taken up by the river. About two miles from this bridge and twelve from Chattanooga, we came to a small valley, wide enough for an encampment, and here we halted for the night, having marched about twenty miles. After eating our supper, posting picket for the night, &c., we lay down to rest, and the last thing I remember was the squealing of an unfortunate litter of eight weeks pigs, who chanced to stray too near our camp for their own safety. The next morning, the 28th, we were aroused at four o'clock, and at six were once more on the move, our Brigade leading as yesterday. We now began to see the evidence of recent rebel occupation, and consequently moved with caution. No resistance, however was met with until about five miles from the mouth of Lookout Creek, when our advance began to encounter the advance pickets of the rebels. They, however, fled after firing a few shots, and we continued to advance along the valley, with Lookout mountain on our right, from the summit of which, on the extreme point next the river, rebel cannon were sending shells in the direction of the river, and rebel flags were signalling our approach. When about three miles from the river, our advance encountered the rebels in some force, and a halt being made, the 73d Pa., and 154th N. Y., were deployed as skirmishers to clear the road for the main body of troops. This was the first time the 154th had been employed in this way, and the first chance to go in with a rush. And they did go in. The rebels were in force on the crest of a hill in front, which was covered with a dense growth of oak and hickory, which made it impossible to know their strength, or whether they were entrenched. But our boys did not stop to count noses. With such cheers as would have done credit to the lungs of three times their numbers, they charged boldly into the wood and up the hill, many who, a short time previous, were ready to fall out with fatigue, forgetting everything else in their eagerness to

be first at the top.

The enemy, undoubtedly supposing from the noise that a large force was advancing to the charge, fled after firing a few shots, and our boys soon rested on the crest of the hill without any greater casualty than the loss of the little finger of one man, Hiram Strait of Co. C. No further resistance was offered by the rebel infantry, and we proceeded on our way down the valley. We now were to pass the batteries on the point of Lookout mountain, which gave us their undivided attention, as we passed within easy shelling range.

Owing, however, to the great height of the mountain or the imperfection of rebel gunnery and projectiles, or both, no harm was done. They wasted their ammunition, frightened a few timid ones, and hurt nobody. It was, however, a grand review and salute, only for want of blank cartridges they fired loaded shell and solid shot, a great waste of material. After passing the batteries about one mile, we came in sight of the Stars and Stripes waving from the summits of a range of small hills along the river, and such cheers as our boys sent up were anything but lazy. Thus was our journey ended.— We had formed a junction with the army of Gen. Grant, and opened communication on this side of the river between Bridgeport and Chattanooga.— The sun was just setting behind the Western hills when we encamped at the base of one of the hills, well satisfied with ourselves and our day's work. After eating our supper we retired early to rest, expecting to enjoy a good night's sleep. Alas, how uncertain are human calculations, especially in the army. The night was scarcely half passed when we were aroused by the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry, and were soon in line and ready for a moonlight fight, the cause of which I will explain as well as possible.

As I have before remarked, Lookout mountain is on our right as we come down the valley. Between the base of the mountain and the road is a range of hills, some four or five hundred feet in height. Behind these hills and along the base of the mountain, the enemy, comprising Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, were lying in force. The

two divisions of the 11th corps had passed down the valley, and Geary's Division of the 12th Corps, was several miles in rear, advancing on the same road. He had encamped for the night some four or five miles from the river. All this was observed by the rebels from their crow's nest among the clouds, and they at once conceived the plan of attacking Geary with a strong force, and at the same time occupy the hills spoken of with such a force as should prevent our moving to his rescue. Accordingly, about midnight they made a fierce attack upon the camp of General Geary, and when our Corps was moved to his support, they found the road covered by rebel infantry, who were strongly entrenched upon the aforesaid chain of hills, along the foot of which our men must pass. There was but one thing to be done, they must be dislodged, and as we had marched in the advance, our facing about brought the 2d brigade in front, and they were ordered to clear the hill, which they did in fine style, driving the rebels from their rifle pits and down the other side of the hill, but not without considerable loss to themselves. In the meantime Gen. Geary gave them a severe whipping, and about 2½ A. M., the firing ceased, the enemy being repulsed at all points with a loss of some seven or eight hundred. The 1st brigade was not engaged, but remained in position until daylight, when we moved to a position between the hills and directly in front of and under the guns of Lookout, where we remained two days, when we were relieved and moved into our present camp. We are now engaged in picket duty, making roads, &c., and the indications are that we shall remain for several days, but we may move any hour. Our achievements of the 28th and 29th of October are highly complimented at headquarters, and I think that whatever odium rested upon the crescent, has been removed, and it now shines with a lustre not surpassed by any star in the constellation military. The opening of communication with our base at Bridgeport, is an important event to the army of the Cumberland, as has been fully acknowledged in orders from headquarters. But I have made this letter too long already.

Respectfully yours,

L. D. WARNER.

LATER.

LOOKOUT VALLEY, NEAR CHATTANOOGA, }
NOVEMBER, 9th, 1863. }

FRIEND FAT: The smoke of our late skirmishes having cleared away, and the earth continuing to revolve as of old, nowise disturbed by the clash of Arms, our little Army (the 11th and 12th Corps) has subsided into their usual quiet routine of camp, picket and fatigue duties. By fatigue, I mean fortifying and road building. Of the latter we are just now engaged on quite an extensive job, being nothing less than the building of a double track of corduroy the distance of six miles from Kelley's Ferry, the present head of Steamboat navigation on the Tennessee, to the place of our present encampment. The whole supplies for the Army of the Cumberland has to be hauled over this road. The supplies come to Bridgeport by rail, and are there transferred to barges, which are towed up to Kelley's landing by steamboat. Supplies are now being brought forward faster than they are consumed, and if no interruption occurs, the Army will soon be in a condition to warrant a forward move, provided Bragg can be moved out of the way. The rebels still hold their position on lookout mountain, and have a small infantry force on the side of and at the base fronting Lookout Valley. The 11th Corps holds the valley and our pickets are along the bank of the creek which flows close to the base of the mountain. Their pickets are on the opposite bank, and so close that considerable conversation is carried on across the narrow stream. The rough handling the rebels received at the hands of our boys on the day and night of our arrival here, has had the effect of imbuing them with great respect for the fighting qualities of our boys. They don't seem clearly to understand how it was done. Those who have been taken prisoners, as well as those who have voluntarily come within our lines, have generally asked to be shown the boys who pitched into them in so unusual a manner. The rebel Batteries on the mountain still continue to salute us whenever they see a train of wagons, or a body of men passing through the valley. We have been here 12 days and they have probably sent us on an average 50 of their best complements daily. Although within

easy range of their guns, the whole number of casualties to this time does not exceed 4 or 5. So much for this terrible position on Lookout. So harmless are they that even the mules, usually very susceptible of impressions of this sort, hardly deign to prick up their ears while passing under the range of their fire. The fact is the knoll is decidedly too high for successful canonading. They cannot safely depress their guns sufficiently to bear directly upon our positions, and must depend upon their shells bursting over the right spot, which very few are accommodating enough to do. Many burst almost as soon as they leave the mouth of the gun, and many do not burst at all. Under the circumstances, I think they evince a commendable degree of perseverance, they still give us their daily attentions, and the puffs of smoke from the mountain's top and from the bursting shell followed in due time by the double reports, is evidence that they still are there. We have several large guns in position on a hill on the opposite side of the river, which occasionally reply to the enemy, throwing their shells over the crest of the mountain, but with what effect is of course only known to the rebels, unless indeed the man in the moon occasionally looks down from his elevated position, and takes a survey of the enemy's camp, but even if this is so, he is not supposed to be acquainted with our signal telegraphing, and so his knowledge is useless to us. With the exception of the sparring that is going on between lookout mountain and our batteries on the miniature at its foot, all seems to be quiet along the Tennessee. The rebels are daily coming into our lines, sometimes single, sometimes in squads of tens and twenties. They report their Army in great destitution, both as regards clothing and provisions, and their haggard and ragged appearance, as living evidence that in this respect they do not misrepresent the state of affairs. The people in this vicinity, as well as between Bridgeport and this place, are certainly the most forlorn set of beings I ever met with. I had read descriptions and looked upon drawings, of the poor whites of the South, but if this region is peopled by fair representations of the race, the most highly colored picture extant falls far below the reality. And a description